A POEM UPON THE HAPPY ARRIVAL Of His Most Serene MAJESTY King GEORGE.

Aſpice Venturo lætentur ut omnia Sæclo:
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus & quantum ſat erit ſua dicere facta. ——Virg.

WHEN Sable Fame Great *ANNA*'s Death declar'd,
Such Solemn Grief in ev'ry Face appear'd;
Such diſmal Fear Impending Ruin brought,
And ſuch Ideas in each Fancy wrought;
That had not Her Succeſſor chas'd the Cloud,
And quick Reports Proclaimed *GEORGE* aloud;
BRITAIN had ſunk beneath th' unequal Weight
Of Sorrow, which upon it Brooding ſat.

But when the welcome GODDESS had declar'd
Our Sovereign KING, the Danger ſo much fear'd
Vaniſh'd away into Eternal Night,
Uncapable to bear the Glorious Beams of LIGHT.
Tranſports of Joy appear'd in e'ery Face,
Gave Brightneſs to each Charm, Luſtre to e'ery Grace.
Loud Acclamations from all Parts ariſe;
Strike thro' the CLOUDS, and rend the Vaulted SKIES.

Thus when the Glorious RULER of the Day
Suffers Eclipſe, and hides each Radiant Ray,
Th' affrighted World uncertain Ruin fear,
And their Concern by anxious Looks declare:
With watchful Eyes His Labours they obſerve,
And ſtrive themſelves from Danger to preſerve.
But when His Head above the Moon doth riſe,
And His bright Beams adorn the Arched Skies,
Th' attentive Nations ſolemnly Rejoice,
And ridicule their Fear with an united Voice.

Such ſudden Turns of unexpected Fame
Demand Regard, and our Attention claim.
Supine Neglect in Matters that relate
To Private Int'reſt, or th' Affairs of State,
Betrays ſuch Sottiſh Indolence of Soul
Which all the brighter Faculties controul;
That none will dare His Credit to expoſe,
Who common Senſe, or common Prudence knows.

Hearк, while I plead the Merits of the Cauſe,
How the loud Cannons roar, what ſtrong Applauſe
Eccho around. Our Joys again reviv'd,
His Sacred MAJESTY ſafe arriv'd.
Lo, with what lovely Pride the gentle Gales
Move on the Fleet, and ſwell the whiten'd Sails:

How

How ſportful Dolphins in a Gameſome Mood
Skim on the Main, and wanton in the Flood;
The joyful Waves to Silver *Thames* reſort,
To bring the Tidings to th' expecting Court,
And in ſoft Murmurs make the glad Report:
Forgetful of their Rage, they ceaſe to Roar,
But gently roll, and kiſs the ſilent Shore.
The longing Sailors on their Cabbins ſtand,
Huzzaing loud to the approaching Land:
Loud Shouts with equal Joy from Land reſound,
Which from the Earth unto the Heav'ns rebound.

Hail, Glorious PRINCE, Peculiar Care of HEAV'N,
As Guardian Angel to *BRITANNIA* giv'n:
Welcome, thrice welcome, to this Happy ISLE,
Whoſe Joys depend on Your Auſpicious Smile.
With cheerful Minds Your Subjects You receive,
And grateful Tribute to the Donor give:
Before Your Feet their Lives they freely lay,
And with unfeigned Hearts they gladly pave Your Way.

As the Immortal *NASSAU* heretofore
Advanc'd with Glory to the *Britiſh* Shore,
To curb a Popiſh Arbitrary Pow'r;
And, to His laſting Honour, did compleat
What He deſigned for the *Britiſh* State:
So You, Great PRINCE, with equal Glory fraught,
Auſpicious HEAV'N hath to *BRITANNIA* brought,
That You may by your Providential Care
Defend what He and *ANNA* did prepare,
Of which all PROTESTANTS in Common ſhare:
To fruſtrate by Your Preſence the vain Hope
Of Tyrant *Lewis*, or the crafty Pope,
Of ever placing on the *Britiſh* Throne
A Sham Pretender to Your Rightful Crown.

These are, Great PRINCE! the Hopes we have of You;
These are, Great PRINCE! the Ends You have in View.
Nor are they vain, when we depend on One
Whose Glorious ANCESTORS have always shone,
As well in Camps, as on the Regal Throne.
The bright Perfections of Your Royal Mind
Plainly demonstrate You're for Thrones design'd;
For from Your Youth, by a propitious Care,
You were inur'd to Arms and Glorious Toils of War:
And, like the mighty Conqu'rer of the Earth,
Declar'd Your innate Courage from Your Birth.
SOULS truly Great, by their first Acts proclaim
What future Virtues will exalt their Fame.
Thus Great *Alcides*, by his Infant Arm,
Slew the two Serpents, careless of th' Alarm.
Thus from Your younger Years You boldly strove
T' oppose Your Foes, and dreadful War remove.
These, and Your Wisdom, with Experience fraught,
Fix'd Resolution, and vast Reach of Thought,
Joyn'd with the Art of Government, declare
You're all Sublime, You're more than others are.

Such was *Augustus*, whom Experience taught
Wisely to sway the Empire that he'd got:
Observing well the Noble Arts of State;
The Kingdom by his Laws grew Fortunate.
Where e'er the *Roman* Eagles were Display'd,
The trembling Nations *Roman* Power obey'd.
Neglected Learning rais'd Her mournful Head;
By all was Sought, by all Encouraged:
Then *Greece*, who did the Arts monopolize,
Found she was Rival'd, and had lost the Prize.

Thrice Happy *BRITAIN* in your Godlike KING!
Who'll to your Bosom such great Blessings bring,

That

That e'en the Factious ſeem t' appear Content,
That GEORGE obtain'd the Reins of Government.
BRITTONS, Rejoyce; the Hopes we have in Store
Tranſcend my feeble Thoughts, in Number more
Than can be mention'd. Bliſsful Times advance,
To *BRITAIN*'s Glory, and the Fall of *France*.
Inteſtine Jars ſhall now for ever Ceaſe,
And all poſſeſs an UNIVERSAL PEACE.
DISCORD, that horrid Fiend, with awful Pow'r,
That broke our Meaſures, and our Int'reſts tore,
Shall Prey upon, and her own ſelf devour.
Tormented that ſhe finds no ſafe Retreat
Among the Prudent Managers of State,
Back to her gloomy Cell ſhall take her Flight,
And hide her ſelf in the dark Shades of Night.
FACTION, the Darling Crime o'th' preſent Age,
Shall feeble grow, being diſpoſſeſs'd of Rage;
And ſhall no more Contention ſpread aroun',
For mutual Love ſhall firmly chain it down.
Tories and Whigs ſhall now be in Diſuſe,
And all ſuch Names that Diſcontent produce:
One common Term all PROTESTANTS ſhall Claim,
And Glory in one UNIVERSAL NAME.
E'en VICE her ſelf, that All-devouring Fiend,
Who long too eaſily debauch'd Mankind,
Finding her Pow'r leſs Univerſal grown,
While Heav'n-born VIRTUE ſits upon the Throne,
Her feeble Hands, preſs'd with a pondrous Load
Of Chains, with vain Efforts ſhall ſpread abroad:
And void of Help, far from the Realms of Day,
Shall ſneak behind, and force her horrid Way.
Rejected PIETY ſhall now no more
Her State as helpleſs, mournfully deplore;
But when the Storm's diſpers'd, her Head ſhall rear,
And in her Native Charms tranſcendant Bright appear.

Popery

Pop'ry ſhall from this Time its Ruin date,
And GREAT *BRITANIA*, Her propitious Fate.
Papiſts no more ſhall have it in their Pow'r
To curb our Eaſe, or waft their Baſtard o'er,
To ſway our Sceptre, or deſtroy our Store.
Victorious Generals ſhall our EAGLES raiſe,
And prove as Glorious as in former Days.
Trade ſhall increaſe, and Riches ſhall abound;
And many ALLIES to Aſſiſt be found.
The buſie Merchant fraught with Hopes of Gain,
Secure from Dread, ſhall ſafely plow the Main.
Free from all Fear, the Tradeſmen ſhall Rejoyce,
And Praiſe Great *GEORGE* with one United Voice.
Uſurping *France* *BRITANNIA* now Reveres,
Preſerves the Peace, and ſhun deſtructive Wars:
Fearing leſt Conqu'ring *MARLBOROUGH* take the Field,
And ſhe be forc'd her boaſted Power to yield.
Now Tyrant *Lewis* dreads impending Fate,
Grows Mild at laſt to ſave his tott'ring State:
Yet raging Envy on his Vitals preys,
And Jealouſie her Phantaſies diſplays.
Fruitleſs Revenge ſuch ſtrange Emotions make
Within his Mind, that all his Members ſhake,
And his curs'd Soul ſinks to the *Stygian* Lake.

Thus *Turnus* fell, thus fled his angry Soul,
Who all ſubdu'd without the leaſt Controul,
Till Prince *Æneas* on the *Latian* Coaſt,
With Reſolution dar'd his numerous Hoſt,
Of *Rutuli*, that cramp'd his growing Fame,
And curs'd th' aſpiring Glories of his Name.

Too feeble Muſe, untrodden Heights you try,
Too far above the Reach of Poetry:
Your Pinions yet unfledg'd, can ſcarcely raiſe
You from the Earth, much leſs Proclaim His Praiſe,

Who with the greateſt Hero may compare,
That ever breath'd in the *Europeall* Sphere.
O that ſome Bard of a Superior Mind,
And to this Heav'n-born Study more inclin'd,
Wou'd undertake our future Joy, to ſing,
And eternize the Glories of our KING;
Pleas'd with the Thought, my humble Plume I'd quit,
And Celebrate whate'er the Poet Writ.
But till that Time with cheerful Voice I'll pray,
That laſting Joys may Crown each Happy Day
Of His Illuſtrious LIFE, that He may gain
Eternal Succeſs and a Glorious Reign.
That diſtant Worlds m' obey His equal Laws;
That Potent Princes may eſpouſe His Cauſe;
That Peaceful Times, with an abundant Store,
May Crown His Kingdom, and Advance His Power.
That all His Subjects may alone Contend
To make Him Eaſie, and His Rights defend.
That fleeting Time may ſtop his nimble Race,
And add a ſlower Motion to his Pace;
That many rolling Years with Joy may riſe,
Before He leaves this Earth t' aſcend His Native Skies.
That His POSTERITY to lateſt Years
May *BRITAIN* Rule, and chaſe away our Fears.
That to Eternity His Fame may laſt,
Free from the Stains invidious Time may caſt.

BRITTONS, the glad Return of theſe my Prayers
Depends entirely on your prudent Cares,
Of diſencouraging Inteſtine Jars.
Too-long, alas! we have a Prey become
To Crafty *Lewis*, and Uſurping *Rome*.
Too long Encroaching *France* hath gained Ground,
And by Diviſions made too deep a Wound.
Too long among your Selves you've vainly ſtrove,
And baniſh'd from each Other MUTUAL LOVE:

High-

High time 'tis Now together to Combine,
To joyn your Int'reſts, and your Jars reſign.
UNITED FORCE will more Effectual prove
T' oppoſe your Foes, and ſudden Storms remove.
Divided States can no Advancements make,
Their ſep'rate Intereſts each other break,
Uncapable to ſtand, with ev'ry Blaſt they ſhake.
If You with willing Minds together joyn,
Altho' the *Pope*, *Turk*, *France*, and *Hell* Combine;
Fix'd you'll REMAIN, and never more Decline.

Thus *Rome* Encreas'd, and daily Trophies won;
Auguſtus thus enjoy'd a Peaceful Throne.
Thus Barbarous Nations to Him Homage paid;
And Diſtant Worlds his equal Laws obey'd.
But when Deſtructive Faction once aroſe,
The Empire all its Strength began to loſe:
Goths, *Huns*, and *Vandals*, with Impetuous Courſe
Broke in upon It, when Its weaken'd Force,
Proving uncapable to ſtem the Tide,
Quitted the Field inglorioufly, and Dy'd.
Thus *Rome*, the Potent Miſtreſs of the World,
Was by Diviſions in Confuſion hurl'd.

FINIS.

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DUBLIN: Printed by *Elizabeth Dickſon* on *Cork-Hill*. 1714.